A PROPHECY OF MERLIN.

AN

HEROIC POEM.

CONCERNING

The wonderful Success of a PROJECT now on foot,

TO MAKE THE

River from the SEVERN to STROUD in GLOCESTERSHIRE navigable.

Tranſlated from the original Latin, annexed, with Notes explanatory.

CITIZENS OF NO MEAN CITY.

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M,DCC,LXXVI


BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

THE little Original at the end of this Tranſlation was printed in the year 1731, when the *Stroud* Navigation, (the immortal ſubject of it) was firſt planned and attempted. It is not here intended to ſet forth its Merit, in order to juſtify this Re-publication of it, any farther than by obſerving, that it ſeems to claim a ſhare at leaſt ſufficient to entitle it to a reſcue from oblivion. It is to be wiſhed as much may be ſaid in favour of the Verſion. However, as this is looked upon only in the light of a trifling amuſement, the Tranſlator is not very ſolicitous as to the reception it may meet with from the Critics;—if indeed they ſhall deign to caſt an eye upon it. The * Author of the Original was a Gentleman very reſpectable for his learning and good ſenſe; who living near the centre of the ſphere of action, was intimately acquainted with the *main ſprings*, and each particular *movement* of the operations. As to his opinion of the ſucceſs of the undertaking at *that* period, nothing need be here mentioned; it will be eaſily diſcovered, it is apprehended, in the Poem itſelf. If locality be objected to its publication, it may be ſufficient to obſerve, that it ſeems to convey ſeveral valuable and ſalutary hints, which, though primarily calculated for the *Meridian* of the great *City* of *Stroud*, yet, if properly attended to, might be productive of very extenſive national utility. Add to this, its value in point of antiquity; as containing a *Britiſh Prophecy* of ſo early a date! Theſe conſiderations alone ſeem ſufficient to render it worthy of preſervation, the attention of the Curious, and of every true *Patriot*, or Lover of his Country. But the Title! an Heroic Poem! unpardonable preſumption! exclaim the Critics. Softly:

* Late Rector of E-ſt-ngt-n, Glocesterſhire.

With

With your leave, Ladies † and Gentlemen, where lies the impropriety? *Heroic*, as uſed by the Poets, ſignifies reciting the acts of *Heroes*; and a Poem is a Poem, whether it conſiſts of two hundred lines, or of two, or ten thouſand. Now this Poem evidently recites the acts of Heroes; and length being, as is humbly conceived, out of the queſtion, it is with the utmoſt propriety ſtiled an *Heroic* Poem; and it would have been doing great injuſtice to the work, to omit ſo eſſential a part of its Title. Whether this be granted or not, certain however, and very remarkable it is, that as the works of *Homer* are ſaid to have been originally publiſhed in the true *Ballad Style*; ſo this of our Author, as in cloſe imitation of ſo great a Maſter in the walk of *Heroic* poetry, made its firſt appearance to the world in a ſimilar manner, on a ſolitary half ſheet of paper.

In a word, ſhould any ill-grounded ſuſpicion ariſe from a miſapprehenſion of the ſpirit of the Poem; or from its making its ſecond appearance, and in an Engliſh dreſs, at this critical juncture, when the *Stroud* Navigation is again patronized, and when a freſh Act of Parliament hath been with unremitted zeal and aſſiduity ſolicited, and very lately obtained in its favour, in order to another vigorous effort to carry it into execution,—ſhould it be ſuggeſted that the preſent publication is calculated to damp the reviving ſpirit of the preſent Projectors, it is affirmed, that the Tranſlator entertains not the moſt diſtant wiſh to *throw one drop of cold water* on their Plan, how much ſoever it may ſtand in need of it. Valeat quantum valere poteſt.

The liberty hath been taken of throwing into the Tranſlation a few additional thoughts, which will be but too eaſily diſtinguiſhed, though not particularly pointed out to the Reader.

APRIL, 1776.

† It is preſumed the Ladies, amongſt whom it is allowed there are many learned, ingenious, and *candid* Critics, may look into a performance in which the amiable SABRINA, for the honour of the Fair Sex, had ſo conſiderable a ſhare.

A

Prophecy of Merlin, &c.

AS from the bed of her repoſe,
In briny tears, SABRINA roſe,
Deep ſighs were ſeen her breaſt to heave,
Which ſwell'd her ſympathizing wave.
The tears which gliſter'd ſerv'd to ſhew
Her form in more illuſtrious woe.
Upon her banks reclin'd the Fair
Revolv'd the cauſes of her care;

Unable to conceal her pain,
She ſigh'd, and look'd, and ſigh'd again ‡.
At length ſhe utter'd thus her grief,
And ſought from plaintive ſtrains relief,
Which from reſponſive rocks rebounded,
And thro' her wide domain reſounded:

Fatal the hour! O'erwhelm'd with gloom,
When died the Patron of the *Loom!*
Great * HAMBRO' ſleeps! His glorious day
Is like a *Shuttle*, paſs'd away.
Alas! each breaſt is fill'd with anguiſh;
For ſee the manufactures languiſh!

‡ The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again. DRYDEN.

* He was commonly known by the name of Father Hamborough, from having been the father or firſt projector of the trade to Hamburgh, which he propoſed to carry on immediately between Stroud and that Port, by means of his intended new river. The Latin Hamburgus being rather of an uncouth, rumbling, unpleaſant ſound, is here ſoftened a little, to avoid offending the delicate ear of the Engliſh reader.

Commerce

Commerce bends low her ſickly head!
Her Patron's number'd with the dead!
With thouſands I his fate deplore;
My faireſt hopes are now no more!
I ſeem'd to feel my heaving breaſt
With many a pond'rous cargo preſs'd
Of coſtly mercatorial ſtore;
Vain my fond hope! for He's no more!
Queen of the main, ne'er ſhall my tide
To ocean roll in fancied pride;
Say, *Sons of Wiſdom*, where's the man
With talent equal to the plan!
The vaſt deſign in embryo lies,
And, with its wond'rous *Parent*, dies.

But lo! freſh hopes! a dawn of day,
Gilded with more auſpicious ray.
For, ſtrange! one *Hero* fall'n, amain
A goodly *crop* adorns the *plain*.
Prolifick aſhes! Thus we're told,
From teeth ſprung prodigies of old!

Once more from their renew'd emprize,
What ſanguine expectations riſe
Within my breaſt! And ha! I find
A Prophecy I call to mind.
'Twas antient MERLIN's; and which he
Did faithfully relate to me;
And, if I rightly recollect,
'Twas to the following effect.——
Secrets revolving, which alone
Are to prophetick Bards made known,
The ſage foretold, ſome future day,
A thouſand years when paſs'd away,
(And they are paſs'd, and are no more,
The period's at the very door,)
Then crouds of ſtately ſhips ſhould ride
With riches fraught upon my tide.

The myſtick words of ſecret fate
Freely I'll venture to relate;
Which, tho' obſcure they ſeem'd of old,
Their latent meaning now unfold.——

" When a fam'd hero ſhall ariſe,
" With talent born for bold emprize,
" Who for his *enſign proud* ſhall rear
" A *Bird* which vengeful *arms doth bear*;
" And when another, who from far
" Shall be diſtinguiſhed by a *Star*,
" And from its bright and *horned* flame
" *Shall borrow his* illuſtrious *name*;
" And when a third, in counſel ſage,
" Tho' a *mere Infant* as to age;—
" When theſe † unite their patriot zeal
" And ſtrength, t'advance *the publick weal*,
" Wonders I ſing! then commerce know
" In a new channel hence ſhall flow;
" And SEVERN, truſt me truth I tell,
" The THAMES in honour ſhall excel."

Behold the æra ‡ thus foretold
By the prophetick Bard of old!

† The diſcovery of the great heroes here alluded to, is left to the ſagacity of curious enquirers.

‡ It muſt not be concealed, that Sabrina was a little out in her reckoning here, ſince it is notorious the grand æra alluded to in the Prophecy

Already are the Heroes here,
Who ſhall diſpel each gloomy fear;
Theſe point the deſtin'd line; while thoſe
Future advantages diſcloſe;
And ſuch their ardour in the cauſe,
As claims, from every breaſt, applauſe.
What obſtacles can e'er withſtand
The force of this united band;
Nay, ſhould the Fates oppoſe, yet ſome
Are ſure the Fates they'd overcome.
There are who ſneer, as in deriſion,
And treat the glorious plan as viſion;
But hear; how well your hopes are grounded,
On what firm baſis they are founded,
Eftſoons I now ſhall make appear;
And where's the mighty cauſe for fear?
Let not your courage be dejected,
And truſt the work will be effected.
The *City*, *Stroud* yclep'd, to view
Is but a little one 'tis true;

Prophecy for the accompliſhment of this important undertaking, has but lately commenced; and indeed, to do her juſtice, in the original, ſhe ſeems ſomething diffident as to the preciſe time of it.

But

But with the moſt renown'd ſhe'll vie,
When I my *Stroud* ſhall amplify.
She's ever my peculiar care;
And ſhall my love unrivall'd ſhare.
Herſelf indeed ſends forth a ſtream,
Bearing its honour'd parent's name;
An antient ſtream *! yet diſreſpected,
And for whole ages quite neglected.
Indeed, my ſons, it is a pity,
So long 'twas uſeleſs to the *City*,
Saving when us'd by ſordid Fuller,
When he would ſcour his greaſy wool, or
By Miller vile; inglorious uſe!
No more I'll ſuffer ſuch abuſe.
How oft, behind me leaving *Glo'ſter*,
My fav'rite *Stroud* I've wiſh'd to foſter;
And to *her* doors to bring the *Barges*,
Freighted with *coals*, *ſans coſt*, *ſans charges!*

* It is a melancholy conſideration, that this antient ſtream, this good old ſervant, according to the preſent adopted plan, is to be entirely diſcarded for one of a more faſhionable *Cut*: O dire Ingratitude!

And

And theſe, *deliver'd* of their cargo,
My bounteous gift, without embargo,
I *pregnant* thence propos'd, meanwhile,
Back ſhould return with *ſtone* and *tile*,
Which from her *own* moſt *fertile fields*
My *Stroud*, *prolifick* Lady, yields.
And where, in any town or nation,
More uſeful ſtuff for exportation;
Since no one can be happy well in
A place, without a houſe to dwell in.
'Tis ſtrange! 'tis paſſing ſtrange! to find
The *Clothiers* were of old ſo blind,
Who to ungrateful *London* ſent
Their *Bales*, whence no emolument;
Indeed 'twas ſcarcely worth their pains,
So very trifling were their gains;
With traffick ſuch they ſurely undone
Muſt ſoon have been with hateful *London*.

But ſee another race ariſe,
With minds exalted to the ſkies!

Sons

Sons of the Loom! who ſhew good ſenſe,
And merchants ſuddenly commence:
From one to t'other ſuch tranſition, —
So ſudden, — as it ſeems a viſion.
Fancy already wafts them o'er
To diſtant *India's* golden ſhore;
Where home—for foreign—wares they barter,
And claim the privilege of *Charter*.

Lo, counſels ſage now take effect!
See channel new in courſe direct!
And ſuch the hopes of future gain,
Such expectations from the main,
That latent fountains they explore,
Which, burſting from their priſons, roar;
And, moſt aſtoniſhing to ſhew!
Their arduous bound'ries overflow;
And ſo th' adjacent country cover,
That *Stroud's* already *half ſeas over!*
Big veſſels now ſee cov'ring o'er
In cloſe array th' extenſive ſhore;

Theſe I'll receive with brow ſerene;
Thrice welcome theſe to me their Queen.
I, erſt who gave to flow new fountains,
For theſe will level rocks and mountains;
Will tame the dread *Pelagian* † *Boar*
Advancing with a ſullen roar;
For theſe I will atchieve ſtill more.
I will myſelf aſſume the Reins,
And bind fierce *Boreas* faſt in chains;
And hence ſecure your ſhips ſhall ride
On Ocean's moſt *Pacific* tide.

Whate'er of nature or of art,
Each foreign nation can impart,
Of various climes, of various ſoils,
The produce, to reward thy toils,

† The violent ruſhing in of the tide with a hollow, hoarſe noiſe, into the Severn, is in that neighbourhood called the Boar or Bore, probably corrupted from to *pour*; or it may with propriety be derived from the old Britiſh *Bûrû*, of a ſomewhat ſtronger ſignification, *viz.* to pour with violence, caſt, vomit, &c. It is here, by a *Proſopopoeia*, ſuppoſed to ſignify a River Monſter.

See

See flowing in on every ſide.
Aſſume, my *Stroud*, becoming pride.
The mighty veſſels ſeem with pain
Their pond'rous burthens to ſuſtain!
Emboſom'd deep they ſtretch along,
Thy Port till like a grove they throng;
The canvaſs ſwells with conſcious pride
Whilſt on the Channel new they ride;
Each ſeems inſtinctively to ſtrive,
Firſt in the harbour to arrive.
Labour and toil are now no more;
Freely enjoy the mighty ſtore;
The mighty ſtore, with wonder ſeen
To fill thy ſpacious magazine!
Briſtol, ſurpriz'd, beholds, and bleſſes
Herſelf to think on thy ſucceſſes;
And plumes herſelf thus to obtain
A beauteous ſiſter of the main.
But hear; attend my admonition,
Or ſoon you'll ſuffer ſad contrition;
Be *Briſtol* ever your inſtructor,
And, in each voyage, ſafe conductor;

I ſhall be ever moſt delighted,
To ſee your hearts in one united;
Happy effects they're ſure to ſee,
When Siſters live in *unity*.

And now I feel my heaving breaſt
By ſome preſaging power poſſeſs'd,
Which ſeems as follows to ſuggeſt;
Namely, that thou, O glorious ſight!
Thy walls to hers may'ſt ſoon unite;
Such the advantages ariſing,
To each from ſocial enterprizing.
What City, for its Merchants fam'd,
Shall then with thee, great *Stroud*, be nam'd?
Of *Britiſh* origin—or *Dutch*—
Old *Tyre*, or *Tarſus*—twenty ſuch,
(If twenty ſuch there found ſhall be,)
Modern—or of Antiquity;
May not abide compare with thee.
E'en now you may diſcern before ye,
A prelude to ſuch future glory;

For

For lo! the villages around,
And towns, with which you ſo abound,
Wiſh, whilſt they view thy riſing Fame,
To ſink their own in thy great Name.
Thee Queen they hail! by thee careſs'd,
They cling, as children, to thy breaſt.
So cluſtering Bees are often ſeen,
Adhering pendent to their Queen;
So in depicted pedigree,
The branches to the ſtock we ſee.
Glo'ſter, mean time, with envy ſcowls,
And, like a ſnarling cur, ſhe growls;
And ſo diſturb'd ſhe is with ire,
Her very floods ſeem all on fire.
Well may ſhe growl! ſhe'll ſoon deplore,
That ſmoaking chimnies ſmoak no more;
That *Kitchens*, erſt which *ſtunk* aloud,
Transfer their grateful *ſtench* to *Stroud*.
Thou'lt bear away her comfort ſole,
† Alas! conſiſting in her coal.

† Sneeringly.

Hence

Hence let her rage with heat ſupply her
To roaſt and boil, inſtead of fire.

Ye Weavers, Scribblers, Shearmen all,
Great Maſters too, on you I call;
All who by * *Pallas* are ſelected,
To aid the work to be effected;
All whom ſhe dignifies as wife,
And ever joys to patronize;
To hail with piping, ſong, and drumming,
Th' auſpicious age that juſt is coming;
When curling ſmoak ſhall roofs adorn,
With clouds more beauteous than the morn;
When pots ſhall in your kitchens bubble,
And all without or coſt or trouble.
No more of chilling froſt and ſnow,
No more complain ſhould *Boreas* blow,
No more lament the forge and anvil,
For want of glowing coals muſt ſtand ſtill,

* This Lady is celebrated by antiquity as the inventreſs of Weaving. And for this reaſon the *Citizens* of Stroud, whoſe chief employ is in that art, are in the beginning of this Poem addreſſed by SABRINA by the title of Sons of Wiſdom, or *Pallas*.

For

For I myſelf before your doors,
Will lay the rich *Vulcanian Stores.*

Proceed, *great Souls!* For you were born
Your native country to adorn;
Your arduous deeds, 'tis my decree,
Lateſt poſterity ſhall ſee;
And brazen tablets ſhall declare
How much your country was your care.
Of Parian marble, (or of ſtone,
More valu'd produce of your own,)
In future Forums ſhall ariſe
Your moſt immortal Effigies.
Or in ſome *Royal Pile* you'll ſtand,
Mixt with the Nobles of the Land;
And whilſt the marble ſeems to breathe,
Fame ſhall beſtow the *Civic* wreath,
Th' immortal Wreath, which you'll inherit,
Reward of ſuch tranſcendent merit.
And fit 'twill be to ſet before ye,
With ſkill deviz'd, in ſculptur'd ſtory,

Your

Your great * atchievements in the field,
Where late, unknowing e'er to yield,
And nobly firm, you overcame
The vile oppoſers of your fame,
Who by your valour were defeated,
And from the field with ſhame retreated;
How did each breaſt with ardour glow,
When *thus* you † triumph'd o'er the *Foe?*
With *Captives* grac'd you paſs'd along,
Greatly ſerene amidſt the throng;

* The Author ſeems here to allude to an *Action*, and a violent one, of whatever nature it was, whether in the field or in *cloſer quarters*, between the Projectors and thoſe in oppoſition to their Plan. Victory, in the original, it muſt be confeſſed, inclines to the former; but as the Author's expreſſions, relative to this important fact, ſeem rather equivocal, it is ſubmitted to the learned reader to aſſign the Palm to either Party, as his judgment determins him.

† Some are of opinion this triumphant entry was made in conſequence of obtaining the original *Act of Parliament* for carrying the grand ſcheme into execution.—If ſo, What a triumph! What a Jubilee is to be expected on a *recent* occaſion! when two former *Acts* having been found inſufficient, a *third* has, maugre all oppoſition, been obtained for the ſame laudable purpoſe. This ſeems to juſtify the prevailing opinion hinted at in the Poem by SABRINA, *viz.*

—— Should the Fates oppoſe, yet ſome
Are ſure the Fates they'd overcome.

When

When men and matrons, girls and boys,
Hail'd your *Return* with grateful noiſe,
And general roar of acclamation,
As of the voice of half the nation.—
So conquering Heroes we are told
Enter'd the *Capitol* of old.

The Artiſt, 'tis my farther will,
Shall uſe the utmoſt of his ſkill,
To repreſent the River new,
Your ſpacious *City* gliding thro',
(The River form'd by your direction,
Dear River! under your inſpection,)
Conducting it in all its pride,
Flowing to meet my am'rous tide:
And, to complete the noble theme,
Eager I'll ruſh to meet its ſtream;
The picture pleaſingly he'll grace,
Whilſt thus we mix in fond embrace.
And finally, my friendly wave
Its new form'd ſhores ſhall gently lave;

For oft with pleaſure you will ſee
Nereus and I ſhall viſit ye,
Attended by a goodly train
Of *Nymphs*, and Children of the main.
In ſportive mood our waves they'll ſweep,
And lightly ſkim the † azure deep.

† There is a beauty here in the original which could not with propriety be retained in a tranſlation. The Author has, ſeemingly by deſign, kept the ſubſtantive *Æquora*, the Sea or Main, of which *cærula*, azure, is ſuppoſed to be predicated, out of ſight; by which ingenious contrivance the mind of the reader is not confined to the mere natural colour of the water, but is left at liberty to take this beautiful Epithet in its utmoſt latitude, and to comprehend under it thoſe fine *artificial Tints*, for which the *Stroud* is famous. Its application is thus inexpreſſibly elegant.

SABRINA LOQUITUR.

FLebile tempus erat nuper, quo Gloria gentis
Pannificæ *Pater Hamburgus* magnuſq; Patronus,
Occubuit: Magnâ tum ſpe dejecta querebar:
Illius auſpiciis mihi nam ſperare dabatur,
Adveniſſe diem, quo, ceu Regina profundi,
In Pontum fluerem multâ cum merce, ſed ille
Ereptus Parcis opera imperfecta reliquit.

En! nova Lux oritur; namque uno Heroe revulſo,
Jam *Seges Heroum* (dictu mirabile!) ſurgit:

Speſque mihi incepit renovata reſumere vires
Ex horum inceptis: iterumque orac'la recordor,
Quæ pene exciderant animo, mihi tradita quondam
Merlino à veteri: qui Fata arcana revolvens
Prædixit, poſt mille annos (ſi tempora ritè
Dinumero mecum recolens) jam nuper abactos
Me fore navigiis et Mercatoribus amplam.

Obſcuri Vatis fas ſit mihi verba referre
Myſtica quæ cæcâ quondam caligine merſa,
Nunc tandem incipiunt latitantem prodere ſenſum :

" Tempore quo præſtans Heros, cui *Inſigne ſuperbum*,
" *Armiger Ales* erit ; cum præclariſſimus alter
" Nobile *Cornigero nomen qui ducet ab Aſtro* :
" Conſilioque ſenex, *Juvenis Theſſcomius* annis,
" Adjicient omnes *ad publica Commoda* vires :
" (Mira cano) incipient Commercia currere Rivo
" Inſolito ; et *Thameſin* SABRINA excellet honore.

Sic cecinit Vates : prædicti temporis orbis
Completur : venere viri, conamine quorum
Fata viam inveniunt, et cuncta obſtacula rumpunt ;
Quam non vana fides (animos adhibete) docebo.
Urbs parva eſt, ſed major erit, quæ *Strouda* vocatur,
Chara mihi ante alias : Fluvium ex ſe miſit ; at ille
Olim neglectus per ſæcula longa manebat ;
Atque diu nullis inſerviit uſibus *Urbis* :
Ah quoties volui *Glevo* poſt terga relicto
Illius ad muros *ſine Sumptu* exponere Merces,

Et

Et *Carboniferas* (hæc ſunt mea munera) *Cymbas!*
Tum gravidis Cymbarum uteris ferre inde cupivi
Saxa ſua et Tegulas: quibus haud pretioſius ullum
Terra tulit donum; aut magis exoptabile cunctis
Gentibus: Ah ſtupidi Veteres, qui non Bona nôrunt
Propria, *Pannifices*, ingratæ vendere *Pannos*
Urbi olim ſoliti, *Londino* ſcilicet, unde
Nullum operæ pretium, nulla emolumenta laborum!

Jam nova Progenies, mentiſque capacior altæ
Naſcitur: In Mercatores *Pannaria Proles*
Tranſit, et extremos curſum meditatur ad Indos.
Scinditur ecce recens recto jam tramite Flumen;
Atque novi (tanta eſt generandæ Gloria mercis!
Tantus amor Ponti!) perruptis undique clauſtris
Accelerant fontes: et (quod mirabile dictu)
Exuperant: Fluviique novi latera ardua complent.
Mox etiam denſis ſtipari Littora cernes
Navibus; has miti accipiam placidiſſima vultu;
Dejiciam rupes, præruptaque ſaxa; fragorem
Compeſcam Pelagi, Boreâque in carcere vincto
Ipſa regens tacitis componam fluctibus æquor.

Erige-

Erige *Strouda* caput; venientes undique Merces
Aſpice: Succeſſu viden' ut *Briſtollia* gaudet
Ipſa tuo! plauditque ſibi Te nacta ſororem!
Hanc moneo ut capias Comitemque Ducemque viarum,
Urbem unamque animis jubeo ut faciatis utramque.

Et jam grande aliquid numen mihi ſuggerit intus
Inſidens animo: Te extendere mœnia ad illam
Poſſe brevi; tantum Commercia mutua præſtant!
Hujus fortunæ jam nunc præludia cernas:
Ecce etenim ut pagi vicini atque oppida circum
Te ſpectant, ardentque tuo ſe nomine dici;
Te Dominam agnoſcunt, Maternaque ad uberá pendent!
Ringitur interea *Glouceſtria*, et obſtrepit auſis;
Ringatur licet, et vanas exerceat iras:
Tempus erit cum Carbones plorabit ademptos,
Frigeſcent *olidæ*, ſolamina ſola, *Culinæ*.

Textores et Tonſores, ampliſſima quæ Gens
Palladio ſacrata operi; vos Lanificæque
Plaudite; nam vobis felicia ſæc'la futura
Auguror; aſperſos nigrâ fuligine poſtes,

Fumanteſque

Fumanteſque ollas; ceſſet jam cura Camini:
Ipſa feram ad veſtrum *Vulcania Pabula* portum.

Macte animis *Magni Heroes*; ad maxima natos
Pro patriâ manifeſta fides Vos eſſe: Tabellam
Ad Mauſolæi jubeo faſtigia figi:
Stabitis in medio Vos ære aut marmore ſculpti;
Quales devicto nuperrimè *ab Hoſte* triumphum
Duxiſtis: cum Vos velut ad Capitolia vectos
Matres atque viri, pueri innuptæque puellæ
Voce ſalutabant *reduces* Pæana canentes:

Tum volo depingi ſerpens apud oſtia Flumen,
Auſpiciis factum veſtris: Me denique fluctus
Miſcentem, et chari lambentem littora Rivi:
Nam vobis adero; et turbâ comitata marinâ
Inviſam; *Nereus* Pater, et *Nereides* ipſæ
Curſabunt tremulis verrentes cærula caudis.

FINIS.